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I come, I come, ye may hear my song: From hill-top to valley 'tis pealing alon, The leadess bough is my wild harp stri And loudly and long doth their echoes r

Te may now my path by the golden grain, and the rainbow hups on my bordered train By the towering maple's scariet frees. And her forest sister's gorgoons dress.

SONG OF AUTUMN.

## Choice Loetry.

A STILL DAY IN AUTUMN. ST MIN. SARAH HELEN WHITMAN. I here to wander through the woodlands heary, In the self givens of an Automnal day, When Summer gathers up her robbes of glory, And like a dream of beauty, glides away.

How through each loved, familiar path she lingers, Screedy smiling through the golden mist, s. Tinting the wild grape with her deny fingers, Till the cod emerald turns to amethyst.

Rindling the faint stars of the barel, shining To light the gloom of Autumn's mouldering halls, With boary plumes the clematic southting. Where o er the reck her withered garland falls.

Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands waning, Beneath dark clouds along the invisor relied, Till the slant sunbeams, through their fingers ra Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold. The moist winds breathe of crisp leaves and flowers, in the damp bollows of the woodland sown, Misgling the froshness of Autumnia showers With spicy airs from codar alleys blown.

Baside the brook, and on the umbered meadow, Where yellow fern-taffs flech the faded ground, With folded hids beneath their pains shadow. The gratian nods, in dewy slumbers bound.

Upon the soft, fringed lids the bee sits brooding.
Like a fond lover loth to say farewell—
Or, with shut wings, through sitken folds intrading.
Ureeps near her heart, his drowsy tale to tell.

The little birds upon the hillside lonely, Flit noiselessly along from spray to spray, Silent as a sweet, wendering thought, that only Shows its bright wings, and softly glides away.

The scentices flowers in the warm sunlight dreaming. Furget to breathe their fullness of delight, And through the tranced woods soft airs are streaming. Still as the dew fall on the Summer night.

So in my heart a sweet, unwonted feeling Stirs, like the wind in ocean's hollow shell. Through all its secret chambers easily stealing. Yet finds no word in mystic charm to tell.

## WHEN NEXT WINTER'S WINDS SHALL

When next Winter's winds shall blow, In her room no fire shall glow, On her pillow ite no head, Banished eyes no radiance shed; All day shall I sighing be, For the face I may not see.

When next Winter's winds shall blow, n in the grave from me!

When next Winter's winds shall blow, And the days shall come and ges, Winter suns shall set and rise, Stars burn in the Winter's skies; Caffined shall my spirit be, With the face I may not see. When next Winter's winds shall blow,

When next Winter's winds shall blow Not as once bright dreams shall grow In my brain, which brighter grew. As the snow-storm louder blew; Dead and withered they shall be, For the face I may not see.

Ere next Winter's winds shall blow, What shall be, oh! who may know! I may lie as cold as she. Still and cold as dreamiessly; All my serrows done below. When next Winter's winds shall blow.

## Select Storn.

## THE BLIND SQUATTER.

Nearly four hundred miles up the Trinity rivwithin the deep shadow of which the waters roll fore, was to retire as far as was consistent with noislessly and swiftly towards the ocean, while safety into the woods."

noisiessly and swiftly towards the ocean, while groves of somewhat stunted trees run down to the very edge of the chilfs; here, however, the stream expands into a broad and shallow lake, the shores of which are low and even unsightly, as is generally the case in Texas.

We arrived at a landing-place, three miles below the junction of the lake and river, late one night; and sarly the following morning, I was paddling up against the stream in a light bark cance, which, having but a slight hold in the water, served better to stem the current than one of larger dimensions. For some time I continued within the shadows of the cliffs, in comparative gloom; but after a somewhat fatiguing hour, my eye first caught a glumpse of the shallow lake, where I had hoped to find sufficient low lake, where I had hoped to find sufficient abundance of wild fowl to glut my most mutderous appetite as a sportsman. The dawn had barative gloom; but after a somewhat latiguing bour, my eye first caught a glumpse of the shat-low lake, where I had hoped to find sufficient abundance of wild fowl to glut my most mur-detous appetite as a sportsman. The dawn had bong since passed, but nature appeared yet asleen, so calm, so still was that almost untrodden spot. Gluding swiftly out of the influence of the curlabotr, my eye first caught a giungee of the shallow lake, where I had hopes to find sufficient to allow appetite as a sportsman. The dawn had long since passed, but nature appeared yet asleep, so calm, so still was that almost unradden spot. Gilding swiftly out of the influence of the care rent, I allowed my canoe to stand motiouless, while I gazed around. Far as the eye could reach, spread a perfect wilderness of waters, forward, and to the right, and to the left, perfectly unruffled, for not so much as a blade of grass or leaf was stirring on the shore. Here and there rose huge trunks of trees, borne from above by the almost periodical inundations, and which, reaching some shallow part, became stationary, until time and decay removed them from their resting-place. Songs were visible all around, while a low, bushy island lay about a quarter of a mile to the southward. The waters sparkled in the sim, revealing at some distance the presence of hundreds of ducks, gesee, and swans floating upon the surface. For some time they remained unheeded, so charmed was I by the quite beauty of the landscape; but at length the prospect of a late breakfast awke my killing propensities, and raising my paddle, I gave a true Indian sweep, and glided noislessly towards the little island above alinded to.

My progress was rapid, but not a sound could have been detected by any save an aboriginal. The covy of ducks which had drawn me in that direction was sailing towards the island, and tweet to deceive them, I lay almost on my face at last, and paddled with my hands. At length I allowed the canne to drift with whands. At length I allowed the canne to drift with whands as heard caroling a merry ditty approaching my feet, crack! erack! went two barrels of a fwilling projece, a whistle was heard close to make these coarse and except a few increasing her accomplishments, and yet clearing her accomplishments, and yet she had come and Francisco propagate hem for understance, the figure as the propagate of the manuel of the analysis of t

a fowing-piece, a whistle was heard close to my ear, and the ducks, save and except a few vic-tims, flew away with a loud rustling of wings. I was astounded. My first impulse was to re-turn the fire at random, as the idea of Indians crossed my lyraio.

I could, however, plainly detect the presence of a fowling-piece by the peculiar report, while it was clear the ducks had been the object aimed at. Still, the proximity of the lead to my cars was far from pleasant, and I hastened to prevent a recurrence of so dangerous an experiment. "Hallo! friend," cried I, in a lond, and somewhat angry voice, "are you duck sheoting or man-shooting, because I'd like to know!" A man rose instantly above the bushes—"Merciful Heaven!" cried he, "have I wounded you, sir! Come in; I will explain the accident."

Come in; I will explain the accident."

I readily complied, and a few minutes placed me beside the sportsman. I at once saw that he was blind. Nearly six feet high, thin, even I expressed my surprise. "Eight years of perseverance. Clothed in the ordinary garb of a back woodsman, there was an intellectuality, and green nobility of character in his features, which struck me forcibly, while the sightless orbs at once revealed to me the cause of what nearly proved a fatal accident. "You are not alone?" said I, glancing curiously around the bushes. "I am," he replied, smiling, "quite alone. But let me most succerely beg your pardon for having endangered your life." "No excuses," said I, depositing the victims of his volley at his feet; "but if you would explain to me how you are slone, and how, being here, you are thus employed, you will assuage a very strong feeling of curiosity. "With pleasure," he replied; "I owe you an explanation, and besides," he continued, "I believe we are countrymen, and the meeting gives me true delight."

"I am an Englishman," said I. "And I am a Scotchman. In Britain, it makes us countrymen; in a strange land, it makes us countrymen; in a strange land, it makes us brothers."

Struck with the blind man's manner, I loaded, prairie fashion, a couple of corn-cob pipes with gaunt, he presented a most remarkable appearance. Clothed in the ordinary garb of a back-

some excellent leaf tobacco, and handing him one, seated myself quietly by his side. Closing his eyes from habit, af if to read the past, he was silent for a few moments. "My name is Campbell," he said, "without further preface, "and when the child, than a daughter with a father in bell," he said, "without intruer precace, and by trade, I am acabinet maker. To begin at the beginning: When I was twenty, and that is not so long ago as you think, I received an offer to go to New York. I was engaged to be married to a sweet consin of mine. Poor Ellen! I could

go to New York. I was engaged to be married to a sweet consin of mine. Poor Ellen! I could not go without her, and yet she was, they said, ower young to marry. Still the offer was good, and rather than I should lose the opportuninty of advancing myself, they all consented it should be a wedding. The day after our happy union, we sailed for the far West.

"We reached New York in safety; I entered upon my employment with a firm and settled determination to secure, if not a fortune, at least a competence. Wages in those days were very high; I was a good workman; my master had confidence in me, and beside my wages as journeyman, paid me a salary as his foreman and cierk. Determined to lose no opportunity of advancement, I kept all his books after my regular day's work was done. I saved more than half my earnings, and was happy as an industrious, honest man can be; if he, sir, cannot be happy, I do not know who can."

"You are right," said I; "an honest, sober, in-

"You are right," said I; "an honest, sober, in-"You are right," said I; "an honest, sober, in-dustrions, working man, with ample employ-ment, respected by his master, with a little fam-ily about him, can be the happiest of created be-ings. His wants are all supplied, without the cares and troubles of wealth." "So it was with me; I was very happy. At the end of ten years, I had saved a large sum, and then, and only then, my wife presented me with my first and only child."

only child."

"With the consent and by the advice even of my employer, who had my true interest at heart, I determined to start in business for myself; but not in New York. New Orleans was a money-making busy place, and thither I moved. My success was unexpectedly great; my workmanship was eagerly bought up, and I employed many men at the enormous wages of the South. Two misfortunes, however, now clouded my felicity, both attributable to my desire for independence. The South did not agree with my pendence. The South did not agree with my wife, and ere I could restore her to a genial cli-mate, she died. Sir, my sorrow was the sorrow, I hope, of a man and a Christian, but I felt it sorely. He only who has seen wife and child re-moved from him by death, can realize my feel I hope, of a man and a Christian, but I felt it sorely. He only who has seen wife and child re-moved from him by death, can realize my feel-ings. Existence for a time was blank—I work ed mechanically, but no more did her cheerful voice encourage my lubors. I ate, I drank; ah, sir! it was then I missed her—at the morning meal, at dinner, over the tea board. As my eyes rested on the empty chair, on the opposite sid of the table, I could see in it the accustomes form, and then my heart seemed to turn, cold, and the very blood ceased to flow. He who has not lost a wife and child, knows not the real sorrows of this world. It is the severest trial man is ever put to. Well, sir, she died, and I was left alone with a little image of herself—my Ellen. A gayer, happier being, never lived—al-

ways smiling—always singing. In time, she brought back some joy to my heart."
"One morning, I awoke with a peculiar sesa-tion at my head—I had caught the yellow fever. I will not detail the history of this illuess. Suffice, that it was three mouths ere I was restored to health; and then, by some extraordinary ac-cident, it proved that I was blind, while my business was gone from me. I knew not what to do. You know, sir, the usual course of ruined to do. You know, sir, the usual course of ruined men in New Orleans; they sell off secretly, shut the shutters, write G. T. T., (Gone to Texas) on the door, and are no more heard of. But I, sir, could not do this. I was, however, no longer fit for business; a quiet country retreat in the woods was my best course of proceeding. Besides, my health was shattered, and I should not have lived in New Orleans. Accordingly, Leon. Nearly four hundred miles up the Trinity river, Texas, at the extreme point to which the flat-buttomed steamboats run up in search of cotton and other productions, is Robin's Ferry. Below, ne with men, and my object, th

Nelly approached. Though tanned by the sun, one could see the blue Scotch girl in her. Light curis fell from beneath her vast straw hat over her shoulders, while a simple fur pelisse, and bucksun moccasius, with red worsted stockings, was all her visible attire. But never had I seen anything more graceful or more elegant. A woman, and yet a girl, she had evidently the feeling of the first, and the joyous artlessuess of the second. We were friends directly.

In a few minutes more, we were saling for the shore, and in a quarter of an hour, we were

the shore, and in a quarter of an hour, we were in sight of New Edinburg. To my surprise, I discovered a substantial log-hut, with several out-houses, Indian corn-field, while pumpkins, etc., flourished all around in abundance. Two etc., flourished all around in abundance. Two
cows were grazing in the neighborhood; as many
horses were near them; while pigs and fowls
were scattered in all directions. I was amazed;
the blind Scot's industry was so novel in Texas.
I expressed my surprise. "Eight years of perseverance can do much," said Campbell, quietly;
"thank Harves I are, were harby and well."

the prime of life. Breakfast concluded, we talked again of his history, particularly since his arrival in Texas.

ed again of his history, particularly since his arrival in Texas.

The routine of each day was simple enough, as they explained it to me. The negroes, owned by the father and daughter, worked in the fields, from dawn until six in the evening. The father fashioned some rural implements, an axe or plow handle, while the daughter pited her needle. They breakfasted at half-past six, dired at half-past eleven, and supped at six. After this meal, Nelly generally read to her father for two hours. Their library was good, including general standard works, and the four first volumes of Chambers Edinburgh Journal.

Campbell went out into the air, after a little while, to talk to the negroes, and I was left alone with Nelly. I took advantage of his absence, to learn more of her character. Never was I more delighted. Not a regret nor a wish for the busy world of which she read so much! while it was clear to me that her lover, whosoever he was, had only succeeded by promising to live with her father. To leave her blind parent, seemed to her one of those impossibilities which scarcely even suggested itself to her mind. Yes, Nelly Campbell was asweet creature, perhaps the only romantic recollection I hore with me from Texas. I remained with them all day; I visited their whole farm; I examined Nelly's favorite retreat, in a grove at the end of the house, and then left them. We parted with a regret which was mutual—a regret, which strange to say, was quite

in a grove at the end of the house, and then left them. We parted with a regret which was mu-tual—a regret, which, strange to say, was quite painful on my side, and I never saw them again. Still, I did not lose sight of them; I always wrote by steamer to Nelly, and many a long let-ter I obtained in reply. More and more did I discover that she was a daughter only, and that even a husband must for a time hold a second place in her heart. At length she wrote—

place in her heart. At length she wrote—
"And now, sir, I am married, and am happy, though I almost regret the step, as I can no longer give my whole time to my dear, blind father. He is, however, so happy himself, that I must resign myself to be less his norse, especially as the only quarrel John and I have is, as to who shall wait on him. He has lost a part of his

the only quarrel John and I have is, as to who shall wait on him. He has lost a part of his daughter, he has found a son."

This picture of happiness made me thoughtful, and I owned that, great as is the blessing of civilization, and vast and grand as are the benefits of communion with our fellows, a scene of felicity might yet be seen in the woods. Though I am a strong lover of mankind, and wish to be among them, and enjoy the blessings of civilization, yet do I think if I were an old blind man, I would be a backwood squatter, with a daughter such as Nelly.

such as Nelly.

I heard no more from them, as I soon returned to England, and the busy life of the world and other vocations have always prevented my writing. Should I, however, ever revisit Texas, my first care would be to run op the Trinity, and once more enjoy the hospitality at the table of the Blind Squatter.

# Miscellany.

THE AUTUMN WIND.

The Autumn Wind is a minstrel old, And many a tune plays he:
Ye may bear his pipe in the solemn night,
As he practiseth thoughtfully.

Ye may hear him oft at the casement sing. But not for the glad and young; Fur there's ever a moan in his dismal tone, Far out on the night air flung.

But he comes to the old, with a mournful seng Of the graves of the household band; And his voice is low, as he singeth slow, "To shall meet in the spirit land."

He comes to the bed of the dying man, A dirge, ere he pass away.

He follows fast on the murd rer's track With the voice of the victim slain;

Yes, a minstrel is the Autum Wind, And a fearful one is he: With notes of to, to the high and low, He wanders o'er land and sea.

### MRS. SURRATT. Was She Manacled Before Her Neck Was

To the Editor of the Tribune:
Six:—This morning's paper, on what pretends to be the authority of Governor Hartrauft, states that Mrs. Surrait was not manacled during her imprisonment. I attended the trial of the conspirators one day. There was a ratting the whole length of one end of the room, about three feet from the wall, in which was a door leading, they said, to the prison. The prisoners sat in a row, behind this railing, Mrs. Surratt being nearest to the door leading into the ante-room lat that side, and quite near that leading to the prison. I was given a chair in the aisle, just inside the door, and so near to Mrs. Surratt that I could easily have shaken bands with her over or through the railing. I sat there two hours, that side, and quite near that leading to the prison. I was given a chair in the aisle, just inside the door, and so mear to Mrs. Surratt that I could easily have shaken bands with her over or through the railing. I sat there two hours, sometime touching the railing, when the crowd pressing at the door for entrance induced me to move my chair, so that part of the time I was not more than one foot from her. She wore a heavy black dress, falling on the floor around her feet, so that I could not see them, but every time she moved them I heard chains clink. I had, before that, lived lifteen years on a farm on which was a saw-mill, was familier with the sound of chains, and the difference between that of a log-chain. It could not have been made by anything but the heavy links of a chain, and that chain must have been fastened to both her ankles. The sounds could not kave been made in any other way. The chains on her ankles must have been heavy enough to prevent her lifting her feet, for she only she them on the floor, one at a time, for a little change of posture. She seemed to avoid moving, so as not to attract attention to the chain; for every time they clanked she blushed, painfully; blushed so that I could see it through the heavy crape veil she wore over her face. I sat not! she was removed. She arose with difficulty, leaning on the arm of the officer, who seemed to be kind. She did not lift ber feet in moving to and through the door, but slid one at a time, a little way; I think not further than that the heel of the forward foot came ou a line with the toe of the other; but all the time the lioks ground and clanked. She could not move one foot an inch without making them grind. Mrs. Surratt sat before, or rather on one side of her judges, chained with links of forther than that the heel of the forward foot came on a low wink the toe of the other; but all the time the lioks ground and clanked. She could not move one foot an inch without making them grind. Mrs. Surratt sat leefore, or rather on one side of her j

In the year 1808 a Senator of the United States to succeed Governor Morris was elected in this State. The Republicans, or Jeffersonians, were in power, and held a caucus which nominated Mr. John Woodworth, of Renseelest County. Some of the Jeffersonians, however, were dissatisfied and upon the joint ballot of the two houses of the Legislature they united with the Federalists, and elected General Theodorus Bailey, of Dutchess county, who received fifty-nine votes. Dutchess county, who received fifty-nine votes, while Mr Woodworth obtained but fifty-seven. There was a great dissatisfaction with the action of those who "bolted" the nomination. It was declared that a caucus nomination binds in honor all who take part in it; that if the cancus action he such as a man cannot sweat he was action be such as a man cannot sustain, he must stay away; that the very object of a cancus is to allow the opinion of the majority of the party to prevail. This is undoubtedly the usual view. It is the one which General Butler tried to compel the Massachusetts convention to take, and which the Rev. James Freeman Clarke sturdily oppos-ed. Is it correct? ed. Is it correct !

ed. Is it correct?

A party is a voluntary association of citizens who agree in their general view of policy. Its organization is wholly one of good understanding. Those who unite in it elect committees, hold caucuses and conventions, nominate and support candidates. They regard the party with its conditions as the best practicable method of securing the political measures which they approve. It is a convenient and valuable machine. For the common good it is understood that the prove. It is a convenient and valuable machine. For the common good it is understood that the members will sacrifice mere personal preferences in candidates, and indifferent or minor points in measures. But the limit of such sacrifice is obvious. It does not include their action as

vious. If does not include their action as mor-al, honorable, and self-respecting men. The party is their servant not their master. Consequently, if a candidate is nominated whom members of the party consider to be a bad or dangerous man, they must justly refuse to support him upon two grounds; one, that the election of such a man would both threaten the action of such a grounds; one, that the election of such a man would both threaten the public welfare and demoralize the public conscience; and the other, that his nomination would properly shake public confidence in the party. The same kind of reason would justify opposition to improper or dishonest legislative measures proposed by the party. This opposition is the unquestionable right and the plain duty of every honorable supporter of the party. Are that right and that duty different if he has been a member of the party cancus or convention which proposed the measure or nominated the candidate f Why should he be more honorably "bound" in the latter case to maintain an action which in the former he is morally and therefore honorably bound to oppose!

A cancus or a convention is merely a conference of delegates of the party to determine how the organization may at the particular time and under existing circumstances best procure its ends. If it is not a conference of delegates honestly elected, no one will contend that its members are bound to respect its action. If it be honestly elected, no delegate ought to decline to attend merely because he fears or suspects that its action will be permeions. It is his plain duty to spare no effort to influence wisely the action of the party. He can not rightfully surrender his opportunity to prevent an enormous and fatal blunder. If he knows that his legislative party cancus will possibly or prebably propose a

ratifies the action, but not before, and not until he has tried to persuade it not to ratify. He will ratifies the action, but not before, and not until
he has tried to persuade it not to ratify. He will
not believe the ship to be already wrecked because there is a gale blowing. He need not assume that the caucus under such circumstances
really speaks for the party. A party organization is too valuable to surrender upon the first
summons of the salary grabber for instance. It
is worth a fight. A dangerous man or a dishonorable measure has not conquered because it has
captured a cancus or a convention or a Cougress.
If the Republican convention of New York should
by a majority vote ever nominate for Governor a
man who advocated repudiation, who had led
what the people considered a theft of the public
money, whose whole political tone and character
were debasing and dangerous, we trust that
there would be Republicans enough in the convention to appeal to the party for another Republican nomination, and who would not be
trailed in the mud by those who carry it; some
better soldier in the ranks would wave his handkerchief aloft and rally his comrades from the

kerchief aloft and rally his comrades from the mire.

The theory that every party man who participates in a cancus or convention is bound to support its action presupposes that such an assembly will never do anything that ought to be opposed by the party, or that may not decently be supported by it. Unless that can be established, it is impossible to prove the obligation. All that can be fairly claimed or expected is that when members of the same party unite in a canens. is impossible to prove the obligation. All that can be fairly claimed or expected is that when members of the same party unite in a cauens, knowing themselves to be honestly present, they shall be bound by the decision, whether as to men or measures, if it does not seem to them necessarily injurious to the public interest. But no member has lost the privilege of doing right because he has tried to persuade the others not to do wrong. And he takes his appeal to the party, leaving it only when he is pursuaded that it has ceased to be the organization by which the welfare of the country is best to be served.

There is a time in the history of every long dominant party when a contest arises for the ascendency between its better and worst elements. When that time arrives in the Republican ranks, let us who believe it to be the party of the industry, intelligence, and conscience of the country, refuse without a resolute struggle at every point to surender it to a coutrol which would drive from it those who sincerely hold the principles upon which it was founded.—Harper's Weekly.

A snake Story.

The Fort Wayne (Ind.) Seatise! on snakes: "For over two years a son of Mr. Jacob Snipe, a farmer living a mile and a half of Van Wert, has been ailing and subject to severe convulsions. Physicians were called to attend him from time to time, but not one of them could divine the cause of the continued sickness. On Tuesday, the boy was taken with a severe pain in the stomach, and he took same lobelia and went upon the porch where his father was sitting and began vomiting violently. His father looked up and saw his son with both Lands to his mouth pulling something out of it. He went to the boy's assistance, and aided him in pulling out a garter anake about eighteen inches long and a half inch thick. The snake was seen by Mr. Isaac Wetz, of this city, who says it is perfectly formed, with the exception of being blind. Its eyes are of a reddish cast. The snake is alive and active. From the moment the snake was expelled, the boy felt well, and has up to this time experienced no return of the terrible convulsions which have afflicted him the past two years."

In June last, according to Hardwicke's "Science Gossip," a huge lobster measuring more than three feet from the tips of the claws to the than three feet from the tips of the claws to the end of the tail, and weighing fifteen pounds, was brought up in a net in Plymouth Sound, Eng-land. The skull was covered with marine organ isms, such as barnacles, and the like. This lob-ster is believed to be more than a hundred years

THE Supreme Court of Illinois has decided that telegraph companies are bound to transmit measures correctly in the first instance, and that an additional charge for repeating to insure correctness is a fraud upon the public. A similar decision has been given in Ohio. A RICH old lady in New Haven keeps her hens in the parior, and feeds them on jelly-cake and English walnuts.

### THE AUTUMN LEAF.

Lone, trembling one! somer race, withered and sear, ing — wherefore art thou linger Thy work is done.

Thou hast even all And the green leaves repealing in their temb, And the green leaves that knew thee in their bloom, Wither and fall?

Why don't thou cling So foully to the rough and sapiess tree! Hath then existence aught like charms for thee, Thou faded thing!

The voice of Spring.
Which woke thee into being, ne'er again
Will greet thee, nor the grade Sammer's rain
New vardure bring. The rephyr's breath,
No more will wake for thee its melody—
But the ione sighing of the blast shall be
The hymn of death.

Yet a few days,
A few faint struggles of the Autumn storm.
And the strained sys to catch thy trembling form,
In valu may gaze.

Pale Autumn leaf!
Thou art an emblem of mortality;
The broken heart, none young and fresh like thee,
Wither'd by grid-

Whose lopes are fied, Whose loved ones all have dropped and died away, Still clings to life- and lingering loves to stay Above the dead! But list! e'en now I hear the gathering of the Autumn blast: It comes, thy frail form trembles—it is past! And then art low.

A SPANISH MONASTERY. The Most Melabcholy Buin in Europe. The destruction of the monastery of Poblet must be within the memory of many readers. It was the Westminster Abbey of Spain, founded in the 12th century. Hither, over moor and mountain, all the cariier kings of Arragon were brought to be buried. Not in Spain nor in the whole world had it a rival in spleudor and wealth. Its domain was almost without bounds; Its library was unequaled in Europe; its jeweled challices and gorgeous shrines could not be reckoned in value; and the vast produce of its vineyards, brought to the convent presses, became the "El Priorato" wine, the best reputed brand in Spain. Sixty-six monks formed the sacred circle of its rulers, among whom no novice, who The destruction of the monastery of Poblet the "El Priorato" wine, the best reputed brand in Spain. Sixty-six monks formed the sacred circle of its rulers, among whom no novice, who failed to prove his pedigree untainted by other than Castilian blood for eight generations, could find admission. Every monk had his rooms, his table, his servants, and his equipage. There were hospitals for the sick, schools for the poor, asylums for orphaus, homes for the destitute, refuges for the abandoned. All trades had their shops within the immense premises. Learning was cultivated, and the first scholars in Spain found at Poblet a home. Art was encouraged, and the best modern statutes and paintings in the Royal Gallery at Madrid came from the cloisters of the monastery. Medicine, and law, and ends. If it is not a conference of delegates bonestly elected, no one will contend that its members are bound to respect its action. If it be housely elected, no delegate ought to decline to attend merely because he fears or suspects that its action will be perucious. It is his plain duty to spare no effort to influence wisely the action of the party. He can not rightfully surrender his opportunity to prevent an enormous and fatal blunder. If he knows that his legislative party cancens will possibly or probably propose a lunge theft upon the public treasury, let him, as a party man as well as an honest man, warm his associates that neither he nor any other of the party can honorably support it. If his party convention is in danger of nominating candidates who can neither be respected nor trusted, let him in the name of decreey and of the party tote against them. The convention considers what the party onghi to. If it decides that the party sould do what any delegate believes to be wrong, is he honorably bound to do a dishonorable wrong, is he honorably bound to do a dishonorable wrong, is he honorably bound to do a dishonorable wrong, is he honorably bound to do a dishonorable wrong, is he honorably bound to do a dishonorable wrong, is he honorably bound to do a dishonorable thing?

No, says the objector; but he should leave the party. Yes, when he is satisfied that the party very man be the statisfied that the party at the party of the hills. The case were told abroad. Strange stories circulated among the wild peasantity of the hills. False, between the party of the hing?

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As English cuthusiast proposes to restore the choisters of the Franciscan Couvent in Verona, Italiy, where is still seen the tomb of the faithful Juliet. This venerable structure was destroyed in 1799, and the monument of the fair Capulet has been used for many years as a wash tub. An Eastern paper wants to know why the Tichborne claimant is like a mermaid and replies that it is "because he has nothing to stand upon, and has a very fishy tail!" Now is a good time to plant advertisements, in order to reap a good fall trade.

## HOMER VINDICATED. The Royal Jewel Box Mentioned in the Ilind Found-Recovery of King Prinm's Treasures Abandoned at the Sack of Trey.

The wild flower bows her guntle head, As she hears afar my compacting tread, And the prince of the forest doffs his creet, As a beggar low to a kingly guest. Ye may see my power in the night walk still. When the starlight aloops on the mountain ri

The Royal Jewel Box Mentioned in the Hind Found-Becovery of King Priam's Treasures Abandoned at the Sach of Troy.

The Angsburg Garette publishes a letter of Henry Schliermanu, who for the last three years has been occupied with excavations on the site of limm. It is dated Troy, July 17, and contains information of very great importance to archaeologists on the latest results of his labors. We extract the following from Schliermanu's interesting letter:

"At the beginning of this mouth, as I was digging at a depth of Si meters (27 feet 10 inches), I found the great circular wall of Troy, which proceeds in a direction northwest from the Scean Gate, and subsequently in the immediate neighborhood of Priam's palace I struck a large copperobject of singular form, which claimed my attention the more as I believed I noticed gold behind it. On it rested a layer of red ash and calcined fragments 1½ to 1½ meters thick. On this was built a wall 145 meters thick and 8 meters high, which consisted of large rocks and clay, and must date back to the period immediately after the destruction of Troy. To save the treasure from the cupidity of my men, and save it for the benefit of science, the utmost haste was necessary, and although it was not yet time for breakfast, I ordered them at once to cease work. While my workmen were taking their meal and resting I ent out the treasure with a large knife, a feat not to be accomplished without great exercion and danger of life. For the great fortified wall, which I must mine, threatened to topple oper every instant. But the sight of so many objects, each of which is of incalculable value to science, made me foothardy, and I disregarded the danger. But without the aid of my dear wife it would have been impossible for me to carry off the treasure. She was ever ready te pack the objects I dug out into ber shawl, and to convey them to a place of safety. The object which I had sirst seen was a large, flat copper daish of the form of a tray. It is 49 centimeters in diameter, is quite flat, an And bind them fast with a crystal chain, That a sunbeam's touch might week a ct. While fairy freet, with her preceiving gen Weaven the thiny a chairm. Oh, proudly now I career along, And brosses are pealing my triumph song; While earth from her garner her treasures hring. To lay on the shrine of the Autum King. But listen! I hear a note of dread, And I see afar a heary head; And a freezing look from a piercing eye, Warns me with lightning speed to fly. Tis ley cold Winter, I know him well; I have felt before his withering spell; A grim old tyrant and lurily is he, And he laughs outright when he's conquered me. THE CONTINENTAL "DIVIDE."

It is stated in the sixth annual report of the United States Geological Survey of the Territories, by F. V. Hayden, United States Geologist, that there is perhaps no more unknown or interest that there is perhaps no more unknown or interest that there is perhaps no more unknown or interest that there is perhaps no more unknown or interest that there is perhaps no more unknown or interest that there is perhaps no more unknown or interest that the different branches of Sanake River and the Madison—the great water divide of the continent. The maps now in progress will almost entirely change the geography of this wonderful region. Within a radius of ten miles may be found the sources of three of the largest rivers in America. The general elevation is from 7,000 to 8,000 feet above the sea, while the mountains, whose perpetual anows form the sources of these great rivers, rise to a height of 10,000 to 12,000 feet. Moving northward are the various branches of the Missouri. Tellowstone and Wind rivers, which all eventually unite in the Missouri. To the south are the branches of Green river, which unite with the Colorado and empties into the Gulf of California, while south and west flow the branches of Sanake river, which unite with the Colorado and empties into the Colombia and empty into the Pacific. The exploration of this remarkable water divide proves that the Madison Fork has its source in a small lake not hitherto noted on any map, and that the So called Madison Lake belongs entirely to the Pacific slope.

This latter lake was found to be adout twelve miles, empties into a second lake, which is four miles long and one and a half miles wide. The former of these lakes he has named Sasahene, and the latter Lake Lewis, is honor of the poincer explorer of the Nortwest. At the upper sud of Lake Suehone a new geyser basin was discovered, with from seventy-dive to one hundred springs many of them geysers of considerable power. The ornamentation about the springs was regarded as more interesting and elaborate than those Sources of the Missouri, Colorado and

from seventy five to one hundred springs many of them geysers of considerable power. The ornamentation about the springs was regarded as more interesting and elaborate than those in Fire-Hole Basin. The divide between the Yellowstone Lake and Lake Lewis, was found to be about fifty feet above the former and two hundred feet above the latter. This low ridge in the great water divide of the continent has doubtless given rise to the Two-Ocean River, and such a stream has found its way to most of our principal maps. From the summit of the mountain the scope of vision cultraced a radius of one hundred and fifty miles, within which four hundred and seventy mountain peaks worthy of name

A DEFROIT man went into a telegraph office and wrote the following message: "To the Lord in Heaven—Whore shall I go next? The world is growing worse every day. There is not an honest Christian in America." He was informed that the lines didn't connect.

"Hoonex doodsh" is the latest Georgia One guzzle is equivalent to two nights in